Hoſt. Gods bleſſing of your good heart,and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Falſt. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadſhil, you knew I was at your backe,and ſpoke it, on purpoſe to trie my patience.

Falſt. No, no,no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within hearing.

Prince I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Falſt. No abuſe Hall a mine honour,no abuſe.

Prince Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper,and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe Hall.

Poynes No abuſe?

Falſt No abuſe Ned i'th worlde, honeſt Ned, none, I diſpraiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true ſubiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuſe Hall,none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wicked,or is thy boy of the wicked,or honeſt Bardolfe whoſe zeal burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

Poynes Anſwer thou dead elme,anſwer.

Falſt. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt mault-wormes, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the women.

Falſt. For one of them ſhees in hell already, and burnes poore ſoules:for th'other I owe her mony,and whether ſhe be damnd for that I know not.

Hoſt. No I warrant you.

Falſt. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe contrary to the law,fo I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. Al vitlars do ſo,whats a ioynt of mutton

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol What ſaies your grace?

Fal. His grace ſaies that which his fleſh rebels

Peyto knockes at doore.

Hoſt. Who knockes ſo lowd at doore? looke to there Francis.

Prince Peyto,how now,what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Weſtminſter,
And there are twenty weake and wearied poſtes,
Come from the North,and as I came along
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, ſweating,knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Prince By heauen Poines, I feele me much too
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempeſt of commotion like the ſouth.
Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my ſword and cloke: Falſtaffe good night.

exeunt Prince

Fal. Now coms in the ſweeteſt morſell of the
muſt hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at
how now,whats the matter?

Bar. You muſt away to court ſir preſently,
A dozen captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the muſitions ſirra,farewel hoſteſſe,fare
you ſee my good wenches how men of merrite are
ter,the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of act
on, farewell good wenches, if I be not ſent away po
ſee you againe ere I goe.